CHARLTON COMICS GROUP

OUTLAWS

NO.88 APR
00259 80/CDC
40¢ UK 12 P
CHARLTON PUBLICATION

OUTLAWS of the WEST

00259

0 72246 00259 04

LAWMEN IN A DOZEN STATES HAD WARRANTS FOR THE CALICO KID'S ARREST--HE EVADED THEM ALL UNTIL THE DAY HE MADE HIS HISTORIC TRY FOR THE GOLD SHIPMENT ON THE SANTA FE! HIS PLAN WAS FOOLPROOF HE FIGURED...

REMEMBER, YOU GENTS BUY TICKETS --BE RIGHT BEHIND THE EXPRESS CAR! I WON'T MAKE A MOVE UNTIL I HEAR YOUR SIGNAL!

WE REHEARSED IT ENOUGH, CALICO! NOTHIN' CAN GO WRONG WITH THE PLAN!

FARM TOOLS

THE CALICO KID'S LAST JOB

5655

DON'T FORGET, NAIL THE COVER ON WITH THE SIGN THIS END UP; ON THE RIGHT END! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE STANDIN' ON MY HEAD!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS, WE'LL DO IT RIGHT!

CALICO'S GOT ENOUGH ARTILLERY TUH FIGHT A DOZEN GUARDS INSTEAD O' THE THREE RIDIN' SHOTGUN ON THAT GOLD!

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST Vol. 5, No. 88, April, 1980.

nomscans

Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George N. Wildman, Executive Editor. © Copyright 1980 Charlton Publications, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050) Reprinted Material Copyright 1959, 1960.

AT THE SAME DEPOT WHERE THE CALICO KID WAS DELIVERED, A HEAVILY ARMED WAGON BROUGHT THE SEMI-ANNUAL GOLD SHIPMENT FROM THE MONARCH MINE TO TOWN!

KEEP AN EYE PEELED, YOU GUARDS! I HEAR THE CALICO KID'S BEEN SEEN AROUND HERE! IF HE'S NEAR, HE'LL BE AFTER THIS SHIPMENT!

THIS END UP

FARM TOOLS

THAT BOY IS SMART! HE'S THE FOREMAN AT THE MINE--I HEARD HIS VOICE BEFORE WHEN I SCOUTED THIS JOB! I'M GLAD HE WON'T BE ALONG!

YOU'LL RIDE IN THE EXPRESS CAR WITH THE GOLD! DON'T OPEN A DOOR UNTIL YOU REACH ST. LOUIS! GOT THAT STRAIGHT?

THIS END UP

FARM TOOLS

THE TRAIN FOR ST. LOUIS PULLED IN ON TIME--THE TRAINMEN HAD SPECIAL ORDERS ABOUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT!.

I DUNNO ABOUT THIS ONE! IT'LL HAVE TUH GO REGULAR FREIGHT! NOTHING GOES IN THE CAR WITH THE GOLD!

CONDUCTOR

LOAD THAT BOX TOO, CONDUCTOR! I'VE GOT MY REASONS ...GOOD ONES!

WELL, ALL RIGHT... IT'S YOUR GOLD!

CONDUCTOR

THE CALICO KID HAD BEEN AFRAID HE'D BE LEFT THERE...UNTIL HE FELT THE BOX CARRIED INSIDE THE CAR AND DROPPED JARRINGLY NEAR THE GOLD!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, THE SHIPMENT IS IN YOUR HANDS! ADIOS!

THIS END UP

FARM TOOLS

I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THEY LOOKED AT THE BOX OUT THERE, LUKE!

QUIT IT, AL! THE CALICO KID'S GREASED LIGHTNIN' WITH A GUN--ANY TROUBLE COMES UP, HE'LL HANDLE IT!

THE TRAIN LURCHED INTO MOTION...

I WANT YOU GUARDS TO BE ON YOUR TOES! DON'T TALK ...JUST STAY ALERT!

WHAT TIME DO WE REACH SNAKE CANYON, CONDUCTOR?

WE'RE DUE THERE IN TWELVE MINUTES! WE'RE ONLY TEN MINUTES LATE!

IT'S TIME TUH GO GET SOME AIR, LUKE!

I'LL SHOOT THE LOCK OFF, AL!

ZING

WHAM

GET DOWN BEHIND THE BOXES, BOYS!

SLAM

INSIDE THE BOX LABELED FARM TOOLS, ONE OF THE SMARTEST OUTLAWS IN THE WEST WAS PROCEEDING AS PLANNED...

COME ON OUT, CALICO! I GOT ONE OF THEM!

THIS END UP

FARM TOOLS

PING

CRAASSH

GET THE CALICO KID-- NEVER MIND THE OTHER TWO!

THE CALICO KID WAS SURE OF HIS MAN AS HE POISED FOR HIS NEXT SHOT ...BUT AT THAT INSTANT THE CONDUCTOR PULLED THE EMERGENCY CORD AND THE ENGINEER SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES!

SOMETHIN'S WRONG BACK THERE! I HEARD SHOTS!

777

77

SCREEECCCH

I'LL...HEY!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NO YOU DON'T, CALICO!

THE OUTLAW WAS QUICK AS A COPPER-HEAD--HE WENT FOR HIS SECOND GUN AS HE LEAPED UP...

I'LL FIX YUH GOOD, MISTER!

UNGH!

YUH LUCKY STIFF!

NOT LUCK, CALICO! I PLANNED THIS A LONG TIME!

I'M CHIEF OF DETECTIVES FOR THE SANTA FE LINE! I KNEW YOU WERE WATCHING THE MONARCH MINE SO I GOT A JOB THERE!

YUH WERE STILL LUCKY!

LUCKY TO SPOT A CRATE OF FARM TOOLS IN COUNTRY WHERE NOTHING GROWS BUT CACTUS AND RATTLERS? IT WASN'T MY LUCK, CALICO--IT WAS YOUR STUPIDITY!

END

WYATT EARP

IN THE GIFT HORSE

THEY'VE GOT AN OLD SAYING, NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH! WYATT EARP WAS GIVEN A HORSE...A SLEEK STALLION TO TAKE THE TRAIL OF MAURIE WADE, THE KILLER-OUTLAW! AND HE DIDN'T LOOK CLOSELY AT FRANK SILMAN'S GIFT! IF HE HAD, HE'D NEVER HAVE WOUND UP UNDER A DOZEN GUNS WITH NO CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

BLAM

GET HIM! SILMAN'LL PAY A THOUSAND IN GOLD IF EARP DOESN'T SEE THE SUN GO DOWN!

BLAM BLAM

CHASE

6680

THIS BEGAN WHEN THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION WROTE TO WYATT EARP AND OFFERED BIG PAY FOR A JOB THAT NEEDED DOING! THE FAMOUS MARSHAL ACCEPTED, RIDING TO BIGHORN AT ONCE...

I'M FRANK SILMAN, MR. EARP! ME AND BART HASKINS HERE RUN THE ASSOCIATION! WE EXPECTED YOU YESTERDAY!

WOULD'VE BEEN HERE BUT NELL WENT LAME, SILMAN!

DON'T WORRY, MR. EARP, I'LL PROVIDE A GOOD FAST HORSE!

BART HASKINS EXPLAINED THE SITUATION WHILE SILMAN WENT FOR A FRESH MOUNT FOR WYATT EARP!

IN THE LETTER SILMAN SAID THE RANCHERS ARE BEIN' RUSTLED HEAVY! GOT ANY IDEAS WHO'S DOIN' IT?

PLENTY! BUT NO PROOF!

YOU WOULDN'T BE MEANIN' ME, WOULD YOU, HASKINS?

I DIDN'T ACCUSE ANYONE, WADE! MR. EARP, THIS MAN, MAURIE HAS A CREW OF HARDCASES WHO...

MAURIE WADE MOVED QUICK... HE BACK-HANDED THE RANCHER WITH HIS LEFT HAND AS HE REACHED FOR HIS WORN COLT WITH HIS RIGHT!

WHAP

YOU LIE!

SLAM

WATCH IT, WYATT!

THEN, DEAD SILENCE!

ANYONE ELSE IN HERE FRIENDLY WITH MAURIE WADE?

THEY WON'T BUCK YOU, WYATT!

MAURIE WADE GROANED... TRIED TO GET UP JUST AS FRANK SILMAN CAME INTO THE BAR! THE HEAD OF THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION TOOK ONE LOOK AROUND ...AND THEN CHARGED AT THE GROGGY OUTLAW!

I WARNED YOU, WADE!

DON'T SILMAN!

SPLAT

PICK HIM UP! GET HIM OUT OF HERE, POWL, BEFORE I HIT HIM AGAIN! TAKE THE REST OF YOUR FRIENDS WITH YOU!

SORRY, MR. EARP! DIDN'T MEAN TO LOSE MY TEMPER! BUT I SUSPECT WADE IS ONE OF THE GANG RUSTLIN' OUR BEEF!

IF HE IS, YOU DIDN'T HELP ME DO MY JOB ANY, SILMAN! I WANTED A CHANCE TO TALK TO 'EM A LITTLE! BUT YOU RAN THE WHOLE BUNCH OUT BEFORE I GOT A CHANCE!

WYATT WALKED OUTSIDE...SAW FIVE MEN MOUNTED HEADING OUT OF TOWN! THE LEAD RIDER WAS MAURIE WADE!

I'LL SEE YOU BOYS SOON...REAL SOON! AND YOU'LL SEE THE INSIDE OF A JAIL RIGHT AFTER THAT!

LAND OFFI

HERE'S YOUR CAYUSE, MR. EARP! HE'S FASTER THAN ANY BRONC IN THE TERRITORY! BEAUTIFUL STALLION, HUH?

HE SURE IS! TOO BEAUTIFUL!

GLNER STOR

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

NOT A THING, SILMAN! BUT USUALLY, WHEN A HORSE LOOKS THIS GOOD HIS OWNER WON'T LOAN HIM OUT! SO I FIGURED HE MUST HAVE A FAULT... BUT I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD THAT HE'S SOUND!

ONCE MOUNTED ON THE SLEEK STUD, WYATT BARP HAD TO ADMIT THE ANIMAL WAS A BEAUTY!

I APOLOGIZE, SILMAN! HE'S FINE! I'LL TRAIL THAT BUNCH NOW! GOT ANY IDEA WHERE THEY HANG OUT?

TRY THE OLD SHEEP CAMP NEAR THE RIO, WYATT! MIGHT BE THERE! 'BOUT EIGHT MILES WEST OF TOWN!

GOT A NICE SMOOTH GAIT! FAST TOO! I'D BETTER CUT OFF THE TRAIL AND UP ON THE RIDGE!

PUSHING HIS MOUNT HARD, THE FRONTIER FIGHTER MADE FIVE MILES IN A HURRY...RIDING ALONG A RIDGE. WHEN SUDDENLY...

WATCH IT, YOL

GOTTA GET CLEAR!

THREW A SHOE! AND IT WAS PLANNED THAT WAY! SHOE NAILED ON WITH SOFT NAILS MEANT TO BREAK AWAY AFTER A FEW MILES!

SILMAN DID IT! WHICH MEANS HE'S IN WITH MAURIE WADE!

JOGGING THE LAST THREE MILES ON FOOT, WYATT EARP FOUND THE SHACK WHERE WADE'S GANG HOLED UP/ IT SEEMED DESERTED AS HE INJUNED CLOSER...

SILMAN MAY HAVE STEERED ME WRONG/ LOOKS EMPTY... BUT THERE'S A SMELL OF FRESH DUST IN THE AIR/

GET HIM!

AMBUSH!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

THEY HAD HIM PINNED DOWN...OUTNUMBERED ...BUT THE VETERAN FIGHTER FACED BIGGER ODDS...

YOU FOOLS, HE'S...UNGH!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

TEND THE WOUNDED, THEN YOU GENTS TIE EACH OTHER GOOD/ WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO TELL SILMAN HIS PLAN DIDN'T WORK/

LATER...AFTER THE GANG AND SILMAN WERE IN JAIL...

SILMAN FIGURED YOU'D BE EASY ONCE YOU WERE ON FOOT IN THE BADLANDS, WYATT/ THAT IS, IF YOU WEREN'T KILLED WHEN THE STALLION FELL/

I WAS LUCKY ...IN TWO WAYS/ HE GAVE ME THIS CAYUSE AND I'M GOING TO KEEP HIM/ NICEST NAG I EVER RODE/

JAIL

END

KID MONTANA

THE TWO FARMERS WERE DOING THEIR BEST...BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST MAX LEHNERT'S HARDCASES...UNTIL KID MONTANA BOUGHT CHIPS IN THE GAME...HE ANTED UP COLD SLUGS FASTER THAN THE GUNNIES COULD DUCK!

THE PRIZE PUPIL

GIT OUTA HERE BEFORE...YEEOOWW!

ZING

WE WARNED YUH, SQUIRT! MOE LEHNERT DON'T WANT NO SODBUSTERS HERE!

FREEZE, MISTER! DON'T HIT THAT KID AGAIN!

YOU THREE RIDE OUT...TELL LEHNERT I'LL BE HERE NEXT TIME HE SENDS VISITORS! NEXT TIME, YOU GUYS'LL STAY PERMANENT!

NEXT TIME, I'LL PIN YORE EARS BACK/

STOP IT, JIMJO/ WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM...THEY GOT GUNS/

ANYBODY C'N PACK A GUN, SON/ MATTER O' FACT, WITH MAX LEHNERT AFTER YUH, YUH'D BETTER GET ONE PRONTO/

WHAT GOOD WOULD GUNS DO US? WE CAN'T USE THEM LIKE THEM/ WE'VE GOT RIFLES AND COLTS IN-SIDE...WE DASSN'T WEAR 'EM/

THAT WAS A CHALLENGE...AND KID MON-TANA DIDN'T LET IT PASS/

ORDINARILY, I'D BE GLAD TUH SEE YUH GOIN' WITHOUT HARDWARE...BU NOT NOW WITH LEHNERT CHASIN' YUH/ LET'S GO INSIDE AN' TAKE A LOOK AT THESE GUNS/

THESE ARE FINE GUNS/ YUH GOT HOLSTERS TOO? FINE/ LET'S STRAP 'EM ON AN' GO OUT BY THE BARN/

I'LL TIE THIS THONG.. THAT'LL KEEP THE GUN FROM JAMMIN' WHEN YUH SNATCH IT OUT IN A HURRY/

THEY WATCHED HIM DEMONSTRATE...AWED AT THE BLURRED SPEED WITH WHICH THE GUN LEAPED INTO HIS HAND/

CRIMINY, I'LL NEVER BE THAT FAST/

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE MONTANA FIGHTER SPENT TEN DAYS TEACHING THEM THE RUDIMENTS OF THE FAST DRAW... AND THEY GOT PRETTY FAST! JIMJO WAS FASTER..

KLAK KLAK!

LET LEHNERT COME AT US NOW! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

YOU'LL SHOW THEM WHAT, JIMJO? HOW FAST ARE YUH ON THE DRAW? YUH HAVE TO HIT WHAT YUH SHOOT AT TOO!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT NEXT!

THEY BURNED AMMUNITION...FOUR HUNDRED ROUNDS, ALL THEY HAD...

I'M GOIN' TO BUY SOME AMMUNITION! BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS!

BLAM BLAM!

THE BROTHERS ARE APT PUPILS! JIMJO IS FAST ALREADY...AFTER HE GETS ACCURATE, HE'LL BE HARD TUH PUSH AROUND!

THING IS, I'D HATE TUH MAKE A KILLER OUT OF EITHER OF 'EM! THEY HAVE TUH KNOW HOW TUH DEFEND THEMSELVES...BUT I HOPE THEY DON'T GET TRIGGER-HAPPY!

THE INSTANT THE MONTANA DRIFTER STEPPED INSIDE THE COMBINATION GENERAL STORE AND SALOON, HE KNEW HE WAS IN FOR TROUBLE! MAX LEHNERT WAS THERE WITH HIS GUNNIES!

THERE HE IS BOSS!

SO THAT'S HIM! MOVE AWAY...BE READY WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

YOU! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FOLKS CALL ME KID MONTANA! I KNOW YOU, BIG MOUTH! YORE NAME IS LEHNERT!

LEHNERT FORGOT HIS PLANS . . . HE WENT FOR HIS SIX-GUN BEFORE HIS MEN WERE READY . . . AND GAVE KID MONTANA THE EDGE!

GET HIM, YOU FOOL! WHAT AM I PAYIN' YUH FOR?

YUH DON'T PAY ENOUGH FOR A TRIP TUH BOOT HILL, LEHNERT! STAND FAST, ALL OF YUH!

GIMME A SACK OF BOXES OF COLT .45 SHELLS, MISTER! I'LL PAY YUH WHEN I HIT TOWN AGIN! SNAP IT UP . . . YUH MIGHT GET HIT IF THEY JUMP ME AGAIN!

THANKS FOR THE SHELLS, MISTER! YOU, LEHNERT--STAY AWAY FROM THE SOD-BUSTERS . . . THEY'RE NOT AS SHARP AS ME . . . YUH MAY GET HURT A LOT MORE NEXT TIME!

IT WAS A GOOD DAY FOR THE MONTANA MAN . . . BUT HE STILL HAD A NAGGING WORRY IN HIS HEAD . . .

THE BROTHERS'LL BE FAST GUNMEN . . . BUT I HOPE I'M NOT WRECKIN' THEIR LIVES GIVIN' 'EM THE SKILL WITH SIX-GUNS!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

IF THEY GET GUN-CRAZY, IF THEY GET A TASTE OF GUN-FIGHTIN' AN' LIKE IT, THEY MIGHT GO BERSERK! MEBBE THEY'D BEEN BETTER OFF IF THEY LET LEHNERT CHASE THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TUH LAST A WHILE, BOYS, I JUST WANTA SAY THAT . . .

TELL US LATER, KID! WE'RE GETTIN' THE HANG O' THIS NOW!

THE BROTHERS' EYES GLITTERED, THEIR GUNHANDS ACQUIRED SPEED AND ACCURACY . . . THEY HAD THE MAKINGS OF MASTER GUNMEN!

BAM BLAM BAM BLAM BAM BLAM BAM

BAM KRAK BAM BLAM

KID, WE WANT TO GO AN' GET THIS OVER WITH! WILL YUH RIDE TUH THE LEHNERT RANCH WITH US?

JIMJO, IF . . . ALL RIGHT! JUST DON'T GET KILL-CRAZY, FELLAS!

THE [redacted] HAD CHANGED IN THE THREE WEEKS SINCE KID MONTANA HAD MET THEM... THEIR LOW-SLUNG GUNS BESPOKE THEIR SKILL ...AND THE COCKY WAY THEY RODE UP ON THE LEHNERT RANCH CONFIRMED IT!

TROUBLE COMIN' ...BRING YOUR GUNS!

GET OFF MY LAND OR I'LL .....

SHUT UP, LEHNERT! I'LL DO THE TALKIN'! JOHN, WATCH THE OTHERS!

GO FOR YORE IRON, LEHNERT!

GET THEM! THEY CAN'T TAKE ALL OF US!

KID MONTANA SAW IT HAPPEN... JOHN, THE SLOWER OF THE TWO, WINGED TWO WHO SLAPPED IRON!

BUT JIVJO FORGOT ABOUT HIS COLT!

LATER...ON THE WAY BACK...

IT'S FUNNY, KID-- WHEN THE TIME CAME, I KNEW I COULD SHOOT HIM DOWN--I DIDN'T WANT TO! I JUST WANTED TO BEAT HIM WITH MY FISTS!

I'M PROUD OF YOU TWO! YOU'VE GOT THE SKILL YOU NEED... AND YOU'RE MEN ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE GUNSKILL ALL THE TIME!

END

THE TRAIN OUT OF WILD HORSE JUNCTION LEFT ON SCHEDULE...

...ENROUTE TO CULVER! BUT THREE MEN WERE LYING IN WAIT FOR THAT TRAIN...

NOW, LONNIE!

MASKED RAIDER

IN

3 GOT AWAY

IN THE BAGGAGE CAR, THERE WAS $110,000 IN NEW CURRENCY! NICE CRISP MONEY THAT WOULD NEVER GET TO THE ARMY POST WHERE IT WAS BEING SHIPPED! THE THREE MEN WORKED EXPERTLY ..BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER EXPERT ON THE SCENE--AN EXPERT CRIME FIGHTER, THE MASKED RAIDER!

WE TRIED TO WARN THEM, WHITE STAR --WE COULDN'T GET UP TO THE ENGINEER ON TIME!

$10 PER!!!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MISTER! I'M NOT IN THE GANG THAT BLEW UP YOUR TRAIN!

GET THEM TALON!

THEN IT HAPPENED . OUTLAW LEAD FOUND ITS TARGET!

I GOT HIM! I GOT THE MASKED RAIDER!

THE TRIO PULLED BANDANAS OVER THEIR FACES BEFORE THEY CAME OUT OF HIDING--THE LEADER'S FIRST BULLETS WERE FOR THE MASKED RAIDER!

COME ON, LONNIE--KEEP AN EYE PEELED OUT HERE! WE'LL CLEAN OUT THE SAFE INSIDE THE CAR!

IT TOOK THEM ABOUT TWO MINUTES-- THEN, THEY WERE GONE!

THIS MAN TRIED TO FIGHT THEM OFF--I THINK THEY FINISHED HIM!

MEANWHILE, THE TRIO WHO PULLED THE JOB WERE MAKING FAST TIME, HEADING NORTH...

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT ONE THING BEFORE WE PULLED THE JOB--THE MASKED RAIDER! NOW, WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY, WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!

THREE DAYS LATER, THEY WERE STILL TALKING ABOUT THE HOLD-UP IN TOWN ...LES WILCOX JUST LISTENED...HE COULDN'T TALK MUCH, IT HURT HIS HEAD!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HEAD, LES?

I GOT KICKED BY A COLT, POLLY!

YOU SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM HORSES, LES--STICK TO MORE LAWBOOKS!

LES, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE TRAIN HOLD-UP?

I HEARD ABOUT IT! I ALSO HEARD THAT THE ARMY PAYROLL CLERKS HAVE THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE STOLEN BILLS! WHOEVER STOLE THE MONEY CAN'T SPEND IT AROUND HERE OR HE'LL BE CAUGHT!

YOUR TELLERS HAVE THE SERIAL NUMBERS DON'T THEY, TOLER?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, LAWYER, AND I'LL MIND MINE!

BANK OF SAVI

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM ON THE SURFACE, POLLY! JUST REMEMBER THAT! MAYBE SOME DAY YOUR OPINION OF ME WILL CHANGE!

THE LAWYER, WILCOX, ACCEPTED THE INSULT--IT WAS PART OF THE ROLE HE PLAYED AS A TIMID LAWYER WHEN HE WASN'T WEARING THE MASKED RAIDER'S OUTFIT! HE WISHED THAT POLLY GARRETT HADN'T BEEN THERE THOUGH...

OH, LES, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU WHEN YOU ACT THIS WAY! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THAT FROM GEORGE TOLER!

BA

I'VE GOT A VERY HIGH OPINION OF YOU, LES WILCOX!

I GOT ONE OF THE STOLEN BILLS! I JUST CHECKED THE NUMBER!

LES WILCOX GOT A QUICK LOOK AT THE CRISP, NEW TWENTY--IT WAS ONE OF THE BILLS STOLEN FROM THE TRAIN!

I ONLY HAD TWO CUSTOMERS --ONE GUY WAS A STRANGER, THE OTHER ONE WAS LONNIE REEVES!

I SAW REEVES NEAR THE STABLE-- I'LL ASK HIM ABOUT IT!

OH, REEVES! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!

STAY AWAY FROM ME, LAWYER!

MR. SOAMES GOT A STOLEN BILL THIS MORNING! HE THINKS YOU SPENT IT! WHERE DID YOU GET THE BILL, REEVES?

LAWYER, I NEVER DID LIKE YUH! NOW, I'M GONNA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

REEVES HAD A BIG REPUTATION AS A ROUGH-AND TUMBLE FIGHTER...

QUICK, REEVES-- WHERE DID YOU GET THAT MONEY?

THE BANK... BANKER...

THE LAWYER LEFT REEVES THERE...HE WANTED INFORMATION AT THE BANK FIRST!

THE BANK EXAMINERS, MR. WILCOX? THEY'RE ARRIVING TOMORROW!

WILCOX, I DON'T WANT YOU HERE!

I WAS JUST ASKING, TOLER! NO NEED TO GET ANGRY!

I'LL THROW YOU OUT PERSONALLY IN A MINUTE! BEAT IT!

IN TOWN, THE MASKED RAIDER TIED WHITE STAR OUT BEHIND THE BANK!

IT'S AFTER BANKING HOURS --TOLER SHOULD STILL BE HERE THOUGH!

LES WILCOX, LAWYER, COULDN'T LEARN A THING--THERE WAS NO WAY FOR HIM TO EXAMINE GEORGE TOLER'S BOOKS! SO HE LEFT TOWN...AND ONE HOUR LATER--IN BROAD DAYLIGHT--THE MASKED RAIDER WAS RIDING BACK TO TOWN!

THIS WILL BE AN INSIDE JOB, TALON! I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE OF MUCH USE IN THE BANK!

LONNIE, I WARNED YOU ABOUT THAT MONEY! YOU MAY HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING!

I THOUGHT SO--REEVES IS IN WITH TOLER! THREE MEN HELD UP THE TRAIN THOUGH!

GET 'EM UP, RAIDER!

BOSS, THIS IS THE GENT YUH THOUGHT YUH FINISHED OFF, WANT ME TUH DO IT NOW?

NO, YOU FOOL! NOT HERE! HOW DID YOU FIND OUT, MISTER? SPEAK UP, OR I'LL LET ACE PULL THAT TRIGGER!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

I FIGURED YOU EMBEZZLED MOST OF THE BANK FUNDS, TOLER! YOU HAD TO MAKE UP WHAT YOU TOOK BEFORE THE EXAMINERS ARRIVE! SO, YOU HELD UP THE TRAIN! YOU FIGURED THE BANK EXAMINERS WOULDN'T CHECK THE BILLS OR SERIAL NUMBERS!

BANK

YOU'RE TOO SMART, MISTER! ACE, DO YOUR JOB!

IT TOOK A SPLIT SECOND FOR TOLER'S ORDER TO REGISTER WITH ACE--ANOTHER SPLIT SECOND FOR ACE TO START SQUEEZ-ING THE TRIG-GER! THAT WAS TOO LONG FOR ANY MAN DEAL-ING WITH THE MASKED RAIDER!

OOOOFF!

DON'T RUSH, GENTS! THERE'S PLENTY TO GO AROUND!

AS THE MASKED RAIDER FINISHED OFF THE SECOND OUTLAW...

...THE FIRST ONE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET!

IT'S TWO AGAINST ONE...GUN 'IM DOWN!

JUST AS THE MASKED RAIDER FACED TOLER, HE FELT A NUMBING SMASH ON HIS GUN HAND! HIS OWN GUN HAD BEEN SHOT AWAY...

THAT DID IT! NOW I'VE GOT YUH!

TOLER HAD THE GUN--THE MASKED RAIDER HAD NONE! BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE RAIDER! HE LEAPED AT TOLER; SWUNG HIS GOOD LEFT FIST; AND...

YOU FOOL; I'LL ...OOOOFFF!

THE MASKED RAIDER! I CAUGHT YOU THIS TIME!

LOOK INSIDE THE VAULT, SHERIFF! YOU'LL FIND THE THREE THIEVES AND THE MONEY THEY TOOK! I'VE GOT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!

LATER--AS LES, WILCOX, THE MASKED RAIDER HAD WORDS WITH POLLY!

OH, LES, DID THAT COLT HURT YOU AGAIN?

YEP--BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT COLT'S ABOUT TAME BY NOW!

END